

PEGGY BONSON's

39

# GARLAND

Furnished with some delightful

## New Songs.

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*Licensed and En'er'd according to Order.*

Peggy Bonson's G A R L A N D, &c.

Pretty Peggy Bonson.

THERE was a Lad in our Town,  
 Call'd *Sloe Woley* of *Stonson*,  
 And he would fain have play'd the Loon,  
 With pretty *Peggy Bonson*.

He followed her from Barn to Barn,  
 Did *Sloe Woley* of *Stonson*,  
 But he had no power to do any Harm,  
 To pretty *Peggy Bonson*.

It happen'd on a Holiday,  
 That *Sloe Woley* of *Stonson*,  
 As he was Abroad a cocking Hay,  
 With pretty *Peggy Bonson*,

I could like to lay thee down,  
 Quoth *Sloe Woley* of *Stonson*,  
 But I fear I shall tumble thy Holliday Gown,  
 My pretty *Peggy Bonson*,

Oh! lay me down and spare me not,  
 Thou *Sloe Woley* of *Stonson*,  
 For my Holiday Gown cost the ne'er a Groat,  
 Says pretty *Peggy Bonson*.

Then I'll step home and fetch my Cloak,  
 Quoth *Sloe Woley* of *Stonson*,  
 But another came by and play'd the Joke,  
 With pretty *Peggy Bonson*:  
 I wish.

I with the Cloak had been in the Fire,  
 Quoth *Sloe Woley of Stonson*,  
 Before I had lost my Heart's Desire,  
 With pretty *Peggy Bonfan*.

Then call again another Day,  
 Thou *Sloe Woley of Stonson*,  
 I'll skim off the Curds and I'll give you the Whey,  
 Quoth pretty *Peggy Bonfan*.



*A new Song, in Praise of the Coal-miners.*

**Y**OU Coal miners of *England* your Skill is so pure,  
 You excel all other Callings, that is to be sure:  
 For those that despise you are highly to blame,  
 For the Good of the Country there's many one slain.

Our Coals they are hacked and digged, I say,  
 And those are our Barrow-men that barrow them away  
 They convey them to the Banks all under the Gronud,  
 Where thousands of Years they have laid unfound,

They pull the Corves to 'em, saying, Boys come again  
 With the Master's consent they lay them on the Plain;  
 Our Coals they are hacked and digged, I say,  
 And these are our Carters that cart them away,

With Carts and Waggon's each Man plays his Part,  
 They load them to the River with a most joyful Heart;  
 Our Country Gentlemen as we understand,  
 They at the Wine Tavern doth mortgage the Land.

But us poor Coal-miners we stand to their Left,  
 With Fendings and Bargains we still do make Shift,  
 We go to our Labour with joy and Content,  
 We live on the portion that Heav'n hath us sent.

There's



There's Meat Drink and Cloathing for Lad and Man  
 And the overplus money goes to the Ale-can;  
 There's the Hatter's and Dyer's they're all on a Row,  
 There's the Brewer's and Bakers do make a fine show.

There's *Dolly* in the Kitchen, and *Betty* in the Hall  
 And straight to the Scullion for more Coals they call  
 There's the Ale house and Gin-shop, doth help to vend  
 The more Coals they burn, the more money we spend.

Some go to *Flanders*, and some go to *Spain*,  
 And some to *Virginia*, quite o'er the Main:  
 Some go to *London* as we understand,  
 And so they convey the Coals out of the Land.



*The faithfull Lovers.*

*He*) Farewel, my Dear, farewel, adieu,  
 And do not mourn or troubled be,  
 For as the Fishes that swim in the Ocean,  
 So constant I will remain,  
 There's none but thee, my Bride shall be,  
 When I return again.

*Sbe*) The dangerous Seas, Love trouble me fore,  
 Lest you should go and return no more;  
 Your Company I more desire,  
 Than all the Gold in Store:  
 Then tarry with me, stay, and go not away,  
 Lest you return no more.

*He*] One Voyage, my Dear, then I'll return,  
 And travelling quite gi<sup>o</sup> over;  
 Thy lovely Breast my rock shall be,

Thy

Thy Eyes like Diamonds shine:  
 Ten thousand Times I shall think on thee,  
 When I am beyond the Line.

*She*) But I have heard full many a Time,  
 That some dies at Sea, and others are cast away;  
 And if either of these thy Fate should prove,  
 Then quite undone am I,  
 For your Sake my tender Heart will break,  
 And I with Grief shall die.

*He*] The dangerous Seas, Love, talk of no more,  
 Some die at Sea and some on Shore;  
 The heav'nly Powers will protect,  
 Me while I am on the Main:  
 The Powers above will protect my Love,  
 I'll go and return again.

When I do return with Gold and Silver Store  
 You shall mourn no more:  
 Our Sorrows then you shall give o'er,  
 I'll kiss and hug you in my Arms,  
 And grant your Desire, so no more complain  
 Of Love's tormenting Charms.

*She*) The Turks who are your mortal Enemy,  
 That seek daily your Life for to destroy,  
 I'll fight up to the Knees in Blood,  
 For to preserve my Dear,  
 The Heavens above protect my Love,  
 Till he return safe here.

*The Maid's Resolution to follow her Sweetheart.*

As I was a walking through Salisbury Plain,  
 With my high and my how, the Wind and Rain,  
 I spied

I 'spied a fair Maid as she was milking her Cows,  
And we'll travel the Country over again.

I said fair Maid, why do you look so bloom?  
With my high and my how, the Wind and Rain;  
I've spilled my Milk, and I dare not go home.  
And we'll travel the Country over again.

If that be the reason why you look so bloom,  
With my high and my how, the Wind and Rain;  
It's touch my Tip, and your Pail will be full,  
And we'll travel the Country over again.

She touched his Tip, and the Stream run strong,  
With my high and my how, the Wind and Rain;  
Instead of Milk it was all Cream,  
And we'll travel the Country over again,

If this be the Milk that young Men gives,  
With my high and my how, the Wind and Rain;  
I'll milk young Men, and I'll milk none but them,  
And we'll travel the Country over again.

Now my bold Sailor is gone over the Main,  
With my high and my how, the Wind and Rain;  
He'll bring me Riches from *France* and *Spain*,  
And we'll travel the Country over again.

Now my Sailor is come home again,  
With my high and my how, the Wind and Rain,  
He has brought me Presents from *France* and *Spain*,  
And we'll travel the Country over again.

*The valiant Sailor.*

COME all you wild young Men,  
And Warning take by me;  
And see you go no more,  
Into foreign Countries.

As



As I myself have done,  
 The very last Day of *May*,  
 I parted from all my Friends,  
 For I could no longer stay.

From *Portsmouth* Town I went,  
 To *London* was my intent;  
 But by the Press-masters was prest,  
 And unto the Sea was sent,

A chosen Man I was,  
 A Sailor bold for to be,  
 Resolved I was to fight,  
 For my King and Country.

For to fight with Heart and Hand,  
 As long as ever I could stand,  
 I would loose my dearest Blood,  
 For to do old England Good.

Our Ship being rigg'd and mann'd,  
 And all things fitted for Sea,  
 Five hundred and fifty good Hands,  
 For to bear her Company.

The very first Day we set sail,  
 The very first Thing we espied,  
 Was five Sail of French Men of War,  
 And for us they lay by.

We bore her head upright,  
 Our bloody Flag we let fly,  
 Prepared was every Man,  
 But the Lord knows who shall die.

Our

Our Captain being wounded most deep,  
 And seventy more of our men,  
 Our yards and our Masts being done  
 We were forced to yield to them.

Our Deck being covered with blood,  
 And aloud our cannons did roar,  
 That I could have wish'd myself,  
 With my dearest dear on shore.

She is tall and has a slender Waist,  
 A black and rolling Eye;  
 For which in this place I lie sick,  
 And it's for her safety I die.

*The young Girl's Love, for her dear Billy.*

**W**HEN cold Winter Nights was frozen,  
*Billy's* Head lay on my Bosom.  
*Billy* was so brisk and bonny,  
 I lov'd *Billy* the best of any.

When I am sick in a dying Condition,  
 None but *Billy* shall be my Physician,  
 There's no Doctor that can ease me,  
 But *Billy* has a *Dose* can please me.

Happy is she that doth enjoy him,  
 Who is me for I must loose him;  
 When my *Billy's* dead and rotten,  
 By me he shan't be forgotten.

For *Billy* I will go into Mourning,  
 To shew that I did adore him.  
 In my Arms I did enfold him,  
 But his Coffin now does held him,

F I N I S.